

# The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

## Chapter 63

Noah

Once I hear the fake wall click shut and I can no longer sense Vera, I grunt, I really should've taken the painkillers she offered; I was just acting nonchalant about it for her sake. The guards that brought me here made a point in letting me know just how much they hate me; they really did a number on me. Thankfully, Vera didn't think to check my ribs because it's likely at least three of them are broken.

Seeing her raised my spirits, but that's not necessarily going to heal me faster.

Alan, one of the guards, comes closer to the cell.

"Hey, boss?" Alan is one of the recruits I had personally trained years ago; he's a good kid, "we're off duty now, but I suggest you pretend to be unconscious. Lenny is up next and we all know how he feels about you."

I grunt again. Lenny has always had a stick up his ass.

"Thanks, Alan. I'll think about it."

He nods and heads off.

It's incredibly humiliating to pretend to be unconscious so that the guards don't keep beating me, but if I want to be in any shape to execute the plan tomorrow, I have to do it.

A few minutes later I hear the next guards come in and hear Lenny's snicker.

"What do you mean he's unconscious?! The great Lycan Warrior?! I have to see this for myself."

I let my body go limp, straining on the chains.

"Ha! I didn't think it was possible!" I hear him opening the cell. "would you look at that?" he kicks one of my knees and I remain limp, sagging further against the chains, "Hey Ezra! Come check this out."

Good. Ezra is with him.

"What the fu ck do you think you're doing, Lenny? The King was very clear, he wanted him in perfect shape for his execution tomorrow,"

Execution?

"Oh, come on, Ezra! Live a little! Let's have a little fun with him, and we can blame the guards from the shift before. What do you say, huh?"

Lenny cocks one eyebrow at Ezra's lack of response.

"Fine, suit yourself."

I hear Lenny unfasten his belt and feel him raise it in front of me.

"Let's see if this wakes you up, you piece of shit."

I steady myself so that I don't flinch and give myself away at the strikes, but Ezra catches Lenny's arm before he can swing.

“If you want to disobey a direct order from the King himself, suit yourself. I will enjoy watching two traitors executed tomorrow.”

There's a moment of silence as Ezra lets go of Lenny's hand, walking out of the cell and into his post. Lenny curses under his breathe but puts his belt back on, closing the cell door loudly.

Once I feel that Lenny has left and is at his post, I let out a long sigh. My blood is boiling. I can't wait to get out of here and push all of Lenny's teeth into his skull

They're all acting so triumphant already, having no idea what's coming to them. I feel my Lycan beginning to surface.

“Rail it in, boy,” I hear a voice from another cell.

It's a frail voice, I have to strain my ears to figure out where it's coming from.

“Who said that?”

It chuckles.

“Don't mind me. I'm the local cuckoo.”

I frown, or rather, try to frown.

“What? You haven't heard? Every dungeon needs its own insane person.”

“What's your name?”

“I don't have a name anymore. The rats in here call me, chirp.” He actually makes the chirping noise rats make...

I shake my head; this man is just insane. He lets out a loud, cackling noise, followed by a fit of coughing. He grunts,

“Is it me or the bread keeps getting drier and drier here? Oh wait, you’ve only been here a few hours!” More cackling.

“Not to worry, friend. Chances are I won’t live past tomorrow, anyway.”

“An execution?” The voice comes closer, and now I notice he’s in the cell right next to mine.

He pushes his face into the iron rods, coming the closest he can to me. His eyes have glazed over, and his face is almost skinny enough to pass through the bars. His hands make him look more like a skeleton than a person. I wonder how long he’s been here.

“What did you ever do to upset the boy so?” He asks.

“The boy?” I question.

“Well, yes. Alistair.”

I find it odd that he would refer to the King like “the boy,”

“I killed some of his scouts. What did you do to upset “the boy”?”

“I refused to die,” he says with finality, turning serious.

He retreats into his cell, into the darkness, where I can no longer see him but can definitely still hear him. I can’t make out what he’s rambling about, not that I care. enough to try.

I stay in silence, trying to rest my banged b\*dy. About half an hour later, Ezra comes into my cell.

“Hi, boss,” he says, mockingly.

I try to roll my eyes but they still hurt too much and I grunt; Ezra chuckles.

“Sorry, it’s what the young guys are calling you and it stuck. Here,” he says, uncapping a water bottle and bringing it to me. I down it slowly.

“So, I’m to be executed tomorrow?”

“That’s what I came in for, though it took Lenny longer than usual to fall asleep. The word is you are to be tried at the guillotine; the trial is just for show. We won’t have much time to act, I’ve already informed the others.”

This means we will have to adjust, and we don’t have much room time wise.

“Can I get you anything else?”

I shake my head.

“Ethan is coming in the next shift, we have programmed ourselves so that one of us is always here until tomorrow morning, just in case.”

“Thank you, Ezra.”

“You don’t have to thank me. You’re taking one for all of us.”

Before he leaves, he loosens my chains so that I can rest my hands on the floor. It’s much appreciated as the blood had already stopped circulating; I couldn’t feel my arms.

As he locks the cell again, he nods at me and I do the same.

Maybe now, I can get some rest in preparation for tomorrow.